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Arlary, Scotland) Decr, 31st 1838, 11 o'clock, P.M.

My dear Mother

Since my first and longest letter to you I have been so constantly occupied with res botanicae, and have seen, or done so little that you would be interested in hearing about that my intended journal has been entirely laid aside. But I am sure I cannot employ the remaining hour of the present year more pleasantly than by resuming my diary, which I hope to be able to continue with regularity for the future. It is not very convenient to write for the ^{Sunday} Packet from Glasgow, yet I have written one letter which I trust is on its way by the Royal William, acknowledging the receipt of your first letter. I partly expected another by the Liverpool, but learn it might be sent to Edinburgh or London. I was greatly delighted to receive it at Sir William's on the 22nd inst. and thank you all for your kind attention. Let me thank you for your few but very pleasant lines, which cheer me by the account of your increasing strength, as well as that our dear little Herbert is doing well. The account you gave respecting his spine in the first letter distressed me much. But I hope he will outgrow it in a few months. What would not I give to see him, — and his mother, — and sisters? The few hurried words about your chest and cough distress me. I hope the next accounts I receive will be all I could desire; yet I cannot expect to hear from you again until I reach London.

I meant to have told you something more about my visit to the queer old town of Chester, and of my very uninteresting journey to Glasgow, but at this interval I can recollect nothing of sufficient consequence to write about; at least nothing that I can communicate; for I cannot transfer to your mind any clear idea of the interesting scenes I have viewed, much less the interest they excited in my own. At Glasgow, although my stay was prolonged to 20 days, I was unable in that time to accomplish all I wished with the Hooker; and you may be sure we lost no time, and that I could spare very little to visit those objects of interest in the town which under any other circumstances I could not think of passing by. I did not omit, however, as you may well suppose, to visit the High Church, (the old Cathedral) where I spent an interesting hour, having ventured to go there alone that I might enjoy myself in my own way. From thence I visited the next cemetery, which occupies the summit of a hill adjacent to and overlooking the Cathedral. On the very summit, raised on a tall column is a colossal figure of old John Knox in the attitude of preaching, but ever and anon he seems to cast a scowling look down upon the Cathedral

as if he were inclined to make another attempt to demolish its walls. And well he might, for if what I hear be true, I fancy he would find the preaching now heard within its walls almost as destitute of savour, as when the Shrine of the Virgin Mary occupied its place in the Chapel which bears her name. The Cathedral is now undergoing some repairs, the seats &c. for the church which occupied the nave are taken away, so that the line now presents nearly its original appearance. But the Crypt, said to be the finest in the kingdom is now closed and has been in the possession of an architect at Edinburgh, so that it could not obtain admittance. It was in this place, I perchance you may recollect, that the first meeting of Robt. Brown with Osbaldstone took place. My Scotch reminiscences have been greatly revived to day. Today I have for the first time seen and tasted (or rather tasted) the two Scotch national dishes, - viz. Singed Sheep's head, and a Haggis. I have looked about the old College, with its most forbidding building - the Exchange, a truly fine building; - the Towngate, which corresponds to our Broadway, but does not equal it, neither can it be in any way compared with it. One clear day (almost the only one we had in 20) I had from an elevated part of the town a beautiful view of Ben Lomond's summit, Ben Ledi & Ben Venue being at the same time in full sight. Had it been a month earlier in the season, it should have escaped not haste to the Highlands. At church I heard on the first Sabbath Dr. Wardlaw in the morning, and Mr. Adameca (at Sir Wm's Chapel) in the afternoon. - two odd sermons, by which one might be tempted, yet by no means extraordinary. The next Sabbath I heard in the morning Mr. Henderson, the pastor of the Towngate Church (poor) and Mr. Hannegan again in the afternoon; the third and last Mr. Souverville in the morning, a very useful minister, and Dr. Wardlaw in the afternoon, who preached one of the best sermons I ever heard. I had arranged to leave Glasgow on the morrow after Christmas, when Sir William insisted on my staying at least over Wednesday to sit for my portrait. I continued however to sit on Tuesday (Christmas day) when I was done in about four hours, in the same style as Sir William's other botanical portraits, and with so much success that it was unanimously proclaimed to be a most striking likeness; in fact the ~~simplest~~ most successful of all the artists' attempts are said to be this and that of

Dr. Torrey, by whose side, it seems, I am destined to be suspended! - A compliment with which I may well feel highly gratified. I believe it is a capital likeness. I dined out only once at Glasgow, at the house of Mr. Davidson, a very rich Don who has made all his money in business here. Sir Wm and I merely were invited to meet Prof. Nicol of the Glasgow University but he sent an apology, and as there happened to be none of the company present but all of our taste, we passed a rather stupid evening, and were glad when it was over and we could get back to our plants again. The two daughters were however somewhat interesting young ladies: they both paint both in oil and water-colors most admirably. I was shown a series of miniature of the whole family, as well as copies of all the best paintings in town (copied in water colors) which would have done credit to any professed artist. The lady enquired after Mrs. Littlefield of New York, who with her husband spent some time with them seven or eight years ago. On Christmas day, as soon as I was liberated from the artist I packed up my luggage - my large trunk of plants &c. to be sent direct to London - a box to be sent to New York by the ship Superb (which is advertised to sail from Greenock on the 5th Jan.) addressed to Dr. Torrey. I will write Dr. Torrey particularly to take care of this box on its arrival. It contains 6 or 8 parcels of dried plants, many of them extremely valuable, a copy of Hooker's Jungfermannia! the Musei Botici, British Flora Leaves Plantarum (all but the 1st no.) Annals of Nat. History complete, the chief part of the Botanical Miscellany & Companion to the Botanical Magazine, 4 of the later parts of the Flora Boreali-Americana; all the gifts of the munificent Hooker! who has besides offered to send me copies of all his works as they appear from the press. Late in the day I went into town to secure a place in the early coach for Stirling and also a bed for the night, as well as to select some little Christmas presents for the Misses Hooker. In the evening Sir Wm had several friends to dinner, and soon after the breaking up of the evening party, I took my leave of these kind friends with no small regret, my contemplated visit of 20 days have been prolonged to just twice that number. And now, as we have fairly bid adieu to the old year, I must also bid good-bye to you for the present, wishing you, not as the mere compliment of the season, but with all my heart and soul, - a Happy New Year. The last new year I will remember, several of its

predecessors also I have had the pleasure of spending with you, I pray God we may be preserved and have a happy meeting before another new-year comes.

Kinross, Wednesday evening, Jan. 2. 1839. A disappointment as to a place in the Stage-Coach has detained me here at the hotel this evening; but my detention I regard as a fortunate circumstance, since it enables me to bring up my lagging and desultory journal to the present time. Well, I left Glasgow at 7 o'clock A.M. on the morning of the 28th Dec. on the top of a stage coach bound for Stirling, so famous in song and story, — distant about 30 miles from Glasgow, I arrived about half past ten, in the midst of a heavy rain. I first made a hearty breakfast as you may well suppose, and then as there was no time to be lost, I sallied out despite of the storm, to visit the Castle, which crowns the summit of the isolated hill along the side of which the town of Stirling stands. Of course I was nearly drenched, as the wind blew so strongly at the Castle that I could not use my umbrella. I much regretted the necessity of making my only visit ~~to~~ this celebrated spot at such an unfavourable time. I could see the valley below me, with the many windings the Forth, the junction of the Forth & Allan-water, But all the distant portion of what is said to be the finest prospect in Scotland was shut out by thick clouds and mist. The guide assured me that such and such a place or mountain or battle field could be seen in this or that direction — when the weather was pleasant. I saw however in the distance the field of Stannock burn, the only remaining tower of the celebrated abbey of Cambokeunothe, near it the Abbeys-Craig, on which the army of Wallace assembled before his battle with the English army under De Barrene; the Gowling hills (wauling hills) lie just under the Castle on the North, — so called because from thence the inhabitants of Stirling, and the relatives & friends of the victims here, beheld the execution of the Duke of Albany and the Earl of Lennox in 1425. Heading hill, the place of execution lies near the river in the immediate neighborhood. The Castle has been a place of strength from the earliest history of Scotland, but none of the buildings now standing are very old. The largest and most interesting building is the palace built by James the Fifth — "the Knight of Snowdon" James Fifth — James, who resided much at this Castle, which in older time was often called Snow-down Castle. Here the coronations of the unfortunate Queen

Mary (today I saw her prison); and here that "royal
 pedant" James VI of Scotland & I of England passed
 his boyhood and received his education. - But I must cut
 short my narrative. I passed by Mary's Work, as I left the
 Castle, a ruin of an unfinished castellated building, erected by
 the Earl of Mar from the ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey, &
 the Gray Friars Church, a fine Gothic building built by James
 the fifth, when James VI was crowned. Before leaving Stirling
 which I did early in the afternoon, I called as usual at a
 booksellers for prints, and found one or two views of Stirling
 Castle, not very good to be sure but still of value to me.
 [This reminds me to say that I procured at Glasgow, a few
 lithographs - a very poor one of the Cathedral & 5s. - which will
 reach you by the box I spoke of. Please take care of them for
 me. Lady Locker was good enough to add the only remaining
 copy of a lithograph of Sir William, one which Dr. Forrey had
 not seen, and a far better likeness than either of those he pos-
 sessed.] On leaving Stirling for Perth, I took an inside place,
 as the storm still continued, but I shortly cleared up, and I
 rode on the outside nearly the whole journey. The only place
 worth noticing, or rather which I have time to notice, through which
 we passed was Dumblane, which is just one of those dirty Scotch
 villages which defy description. If "Jessie the flower of Dumblane"
 lived in one of these cabotless and wretched hovels I'll warrant
 her charms are much overpraised in the song. Here I saw
 for the first time a genuine ruin; that of the large and once
 important Cathedral, founded in 1142. During the short-
 lived establishment of Episcopacy in Scotland I think that
 the good Leighton was for a time rector of Dumblane.
 Just beyond Dumblane we passed the field of Sheriffmuir,
 and beyond this, at the little village of Ardoch I passed
 without being aware at the time, the finest and most entire
 Roman camp in Britain. - we passed some fine ^{country} seats
 on the road. - had for a long way the distant Grampian
 hills on which "my father fed his flocks," in full
 view; and somewhat late in a fine moonlight evening I
 arrived at Perth. As the stage which passed Mary
 left Perth at 9 o'clock in the morning, and I could not af-
 ford to spend a day here, I of course saw little of this famous
 town. The situation in the midst of a broad and fertile
 valley, is delightful, the view from Kinross Hill is said
 to be extremely fine, and the neighborhood presents many

objects of interest, I would have visited Score; the palace where all the early kings of Scotland were crowned; but a modern building occupies the site of the old, - a splendid one it is said; but it is only the old that has strong attractions for me. A pleasant ride brought me to Aboyne at 11 o'clock A.M. and Arnott was by the road-side awaiting my arrival. I was prepared to meet a rather rough and ugly man, but the contrast between Arnott and the polished and elegant Hooker was most striking. I was sorry to learn that he is not a general favorite among his brother botanists; but although most of them possess greater advantages, ~~than he~~ he has but one superior in Great Britain, and in most departments very few equals. He received me with great kindness, and I have spent a few days with him very pleasantly indeed. He is a hearty good fellow, and improves vastly on acquaintance. I was exceedingly pleased with Mrs. Arnott, who is exceedingly amiable and lively. On Sunday it stormed terribly, so that we were unable to leave the house. On Tuesday I dined, with Mr. & Mrs. Arnott, Mr. Weems the clergyman of this parish, another clergyman &c. - at Mr. Barclay's Arnott's father-in-law, about 6 miles from Aboyne. - About one o'clock to-day, taking leave of Mrs. A. I rode with Arnott to Kinross, and leaving Arnott to write some letters at the hotel in the mean time, I took a boat to Loch Leven Castle, the prison of the lovely and ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots. You have Dr. Lorrain's journal of his visit to this interesting spot; so I need not trouble you with my observations. I climbed up to that portion of the tower which formed the queen's bed-room, and from near the spot where I imagined her bed may have stood gathered a few branches of the only plant which was still growing from the wall, - looked out from the window, if it may be so called from which she escaped to the southern shore. I gathered one or two daisies which were still in bloom, in spite of the inclemency of the season, - fit emblem of the fair prisoner who bore under a load of misery, exerted the potent witchery of her charms upon the heart of young Douglas, - took some chips from the thorn-tree, which the Queen is said to have planted, picked up a few pebbles from the shore which I hope may hereafter find a place in sister Eliza's cabinet, and reluctantly

left the little island, which, in all probability, I shall never see again. On returning to the Hotel I found that Arnott had picked up the Dominie of his parish, and had our dinner in readiness. The expected Coach arrived soon after, but was crowded. I am consequently obliged to wait for the mail which passes about 2 o'clock in the morning, and by which, if I am so fortunate as to obtain a seat, I may expect to reach Edinburgh before day-break. I must now leave you for the present to write a few lines to Dr. L. after which I drop the botanist for the most part, until I reach London. A Dieu. May all blessings attend you.

Waterloo Hotel, Edinburgh, Jan. 3, 189, Thursday evening.

This is my first day in Auld Reekie; and my first business, on sitting down by my quiet and comfortable fire-side, shall be to give you a brief account of this day's work. After taking a reasonable modicum of tea I spent the whole of last evening at Kinross in writing, ~~then~~ until two o'clock; at which hour the mail-coach punctually made its appearance; and then was fortunately room inside. We drew up at the Post Office Edinburgh at half past six in the morning, raining as usual, and I took possession of a very comfortable, even elegant room, very different from the six feet by nine bedrooms of most hotels. This is the finest hotel I have yet seen; the Adelphi at Liverpool is not to be mentioned in comparison. I threw myself on the bed and slept for an hour or two. On awaking I drew up the curtains of my windows, and had all at once a magnificent view of this picturesque city, which startled me. From descriptions and a few prints I had somewhere seen I find I had formed a very correct view of this city, as far as it went. It is the finest town I have seen or expect soon to see. It owes much of its beauty to its peculiar site, and to the manner in which the old town acts as a foil to the new. Immediately after breakfast I sallied forth, walked down the street, uncertain which of my letters of introduction I should first attempt to deliver; - decided for Greville; so I crossed the North Bridge (which is thrown not over a river but over a part of the town) into the old town, crossed High Street, passed the huge block of buildings occupied by the University, plain and heavy without, but the court spacious court within very imposing, and a few minutes walk brought me to Dr. Greville's residence,

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which looks in front upon a large public square, ^{and} on the other
the green fields extend up almost to the house, a complete rus in
urbe. Dr. G. received me very kindly, seemed well pleased to receive
Dr. Torrey's letter, made many affectionate inquiries, and urged me
to stay with him while I remained in town. I was predetermined
to decline all invitations of this kind in Edinburgh, but found I
could give no reasons for doing so that would not seem strange.
Dr. G. said he well knew I should be obliged to stay either with
him or Dr. Graham, who would never let me off; so as I thought
Dr. Greville would prove the most useful and edifying acquaintance,
I accepted his invitation and promised to send up my luggage
sometime tomorrow. Dr. G. & myself set out to call on Prof. Gra-
ham, walked over into the new town, the squares, rows, terraces
and crescents all very fine, called at Prof. G. who as usual was
out, left Dr. Torrey's letter and my own card. Left to myself
again, after promising to meet Dr. Greville at dinner at the house
of a friend of his, I directed my steps to the Castle, which crowns
a high cliff much like that of Stirling, nearly or quite
perpendicular except on one side, is visible from almost every
part of the city. It is equally imposing with that of Stirling, but
much larger, the triple wall enclosing an area of seven acres.
The view from the battlements is fine beyond conception, the
whole town lies beneath your feet, Salisbury Crags, and Arthur's
Seat bound your view directly in front, from the summit of which
it seems drop a stone into the town, the Pentland Hills on
the south, and the much more distant Orkney Hills, and
Lomond Hill on the north. Almost under the castle's walls
you look down on the one side upon the "vegetable gardens, sur-
rounded with ornamental walks, in a vale which looks as rural
as possible; on the other, in a deep ravine is that portion
of the old town called the Grass-market, in which several of
the earlier martyrs of the reformation suffered. Here assembled
the Porteous' mob, so graphically, and it is thought truly des-
cribed by Scott in his "Heart of Midlothian". The "tollbooth"
was taken down some time since, but there still stand the
Grey-friars Church (with a new roof) where the bones of the
old Puritans rest, Heriot's Hospital is just beyond, a
very large old building, the finest I have seen of the architec-

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=ture of the Glorabettian age. St. Giles Church, and the Old Parliament House are just below us in front. More distant and somewhat to the left Ballymore Hill is conspicuous, with its monuments, observatory and unfinished restoration of the Parthenon, and beyond this and at the base of Salisbury Crags we can just discern Story's House, so rich in associations of the past. But I must stop. It is now half past twelve, and I feel the need of sleep since I had next none last night. Suffice it to say that I spent the remainder of the day in taking a nearer view of many of these places, traversing the streets, now of the new, then of the old town, ascended Ballymore Hill, saw the monument or temple erected to the memory of Dugald Stewart &c. Then walked far away to Inverleith Terrace to leave my letters for Mr. Nicholl, returned, dressed for dinner, passed an agreeable hum-drum evening at a small family party, returned to the Hotel, read two American Newspapers, (little news) found a good fire in my room, and sat down to make these desultory notes. As to all the rest of what I have seen I may have more to say another day. Good night!

St. Georges Square, 12 M. Jan. 4th, 1839.

Before I retire to rest I must hastily and very briefly record my doings to-day, just by way of keeping in good habits: as I am engaged to breakfast at an early hour with Dr. Graham I must soon go to bed. Rose at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9. (recollect I had not slept the previous night): - a snow storm, light-seeing being out of the question, went to the University, just in time to hear the latter part of Dr. Hays's lecture. (Light-Carbonated Hydrogen & safety Lamp) - fine studied and rather formal manner - did not wear his gown or ruffles at the wrist! Experiments few but rather neat. In cutting off flame with wire-gauche he varied the experiment in a way I had not previously seen, - viz; by throwing a jet of ether upon the gauche, which burnt below but did not kindle above, - a very pretty effect. - He looks to be not above 65, although he must be 80 years over that age. Next heard Prof. Forbes, a handsome man of very elegant appearance; a most elegant and lucid lecturer; - delivered my note of introduction from Prof. Silliman, received me very kindly, but I was obliged to leave at once to hear a lecture from Prof. Wilson, the famous Christopher North, one of the most extraordinary men living, very eccentric, a gifted genius, and a man of the most wonderful versatility of powers.

The subject to-day was the Association of ideas. The lecture was rather striking, original in manner, with a few flights of that peculiar eloquence which you would expect from Chas. North. Just heard Dr. Monro (Anatomy) very young; the class behaved shockingly even for Medical Students! Lastly I heard Prof. Jameson, a stiff, ungainly, forbidding looking man, who gave us the most desperately dull, doleful lecture I ever heard. It was just like a copious table of Contents to a book - just about as interesting as reading a table of Contents for an hour would be; - I may add just as instructive! - Dined in a quiet way with Dr. Purdie, a young Physician to whom I brought a letter from James Hogg. His wife is a cousin of James; went from the table to the College to hear a botanical lecture from Prof. Graham, returned to tea and spent the evening. I found I had quite unexpectedly met with profitable acquaintance as Dr. & Mrs. Purdie were active and ardent Christians, of the Baptist persuasion, and people of a very delightful spirit. They were well acquainted with Mr. Cheever of Salem, who spent some time in Edinburgh previous to his journey to Palestine. I passed a very pleasant evening, and promised to call on them again before leaving town. Returned in the midst of a violent snow storm to Dr. Griville's where I am now domesticated, having sent up my baggage from the hotel.

Saturday evening.

Rose this morning at 1/2 past 7, and at 1/2 past 8, according to engagement went over to the other side of the town, with Dr. Griville to breakfast with Dr. Graham, and then visit the Botanical Garden (deep snow). We looked about the garden, or rather the green-houses, until after noon, much gratified with the splendid collections; but the Sabbath draws nigh and I cannot go on to tell you more about it now, called on Mr. Nicol on my return, made a provisional engagement to meet him at breakfast on Monday and examine his things sections of words! Run about the streets, left a note at the house of Annot's brother, to make arrangements (as we have done) for visiting Parliament House &c. on Monday, returned to Griville's, dressed for dinner, and looked over books &c. until Prof. Graham and Dr. Ballou (Secy of Botanical Society) arrived; dined - passed a pleasant evening, - after family worship, had a little conversation with Dr. Griville, retired to my room, and now, as I am at the bottom of the page, and my watch says 10 minutes to 12, - to bed, Adieu.

Monday Evening. Two days have passed, my dear Mother, since I have taken up my pen to communicate to you ^{my little} diary. I still remain unmedicated at Dr. Griville's, where I am received with the greatest kindness, and am as happy as I can be away from home. I like Dr. G. and family much, there is so much true Christian feeling and simplicity. Dr. G. seems much to regret that he was unable to meet Dr. Torrey in Edinburgh. Yesterday was the first Sabbath of the new Year, and I heard two sermons adapted to the season; one in the morning in an Episcopal Chapel (the one to which this family belong) from Mr. Drummond; the text being the latter clause of Hebrews 8:13; a most excellent faithful and goodly sermon! In the afternoon I occupied a seat Dr. Griville was so kind as to secure for me in the old Gray-hans (Scottish) Church, which is so crowded that without this precaution you can hardly expect to get into the church, when Mr. Guthrie preaches. It is the most striking preacher I ever heard. I could not help comparing him with Whitfield. The text was the first clause of Eccles. 2:14. I dare not attempt to give you any idea of the discourse. I wish you could have heard it. On this church-yard ~~the~~ remains of the early martyrs of Scotland repose, not far from the Grassmarket, where they were ~~most~~ buried up. I stood upon the very spot to-day where they suffered. We had a terrible wind all last night, which with the rain carried off nearly all the snow. The morning was so stormy that I could not fulfil my conditional engagement to breakfast with Mr. Nicoll & look at his curiosities. So I resorted to the University at 10; - heard Sir Charles Bell, the Professor of Surgery, - a very decent lecturer, but not remarkable. At 11. I heard the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, the Professor of Divinity. The old man has a heavy strongly marked Scotch countenance, which now is brightened very much when he is engaged in his discourse. His manner is rather inelegant and his dialect broad Scotch & peculiar. But the matter is so rich that he carries all before him. Every word is full of meaning and he occasionally resorts to a very powerful eloquence. He is much beloved and is considered by all parties, perhaps, as the strong man of Scotland. The subject of his lecture this morning was the advantage (& the abuse) of Scripture criticism. It was a treat to hear him; he paid a high compliment in the course of his remarks, to our own Scottish.

The weather growing by this time more tolerable I walked
about town, - visited the Parliament House, the fine Lib-
rary of the Writers to the Signet, - passed through the
Grass-market, returned here, looked at plants in the
Dr. Menzies, - dined, - received a parcel from Sir Wm
Hooker containing a few plants I had accidentally left
(a few he had given me), a very kind letter informing me
that he should be in London about the same time with
me (which I had in part expected, and about which hangs
a tale I must write Dr. T. soon), and also a fine parcel
of letters of introduction for me, both to persons on the way
to London, and also at the Continent. - to De Lessert,
DeCandolle, Martius, Endlicher, Humboldt, &c. &c.
Truly he is a kind man; he has laid me under lasting obligations.
He asks me to say to Dr. Torrey, that his grace of Bedford is
anxious to receive also the Hudsonia ericoides from New York.
& he will be greatly obliged if he will send a box of it
to Woburn early in Spring. - Attended this evening a
meeting of the Edinburgh Royal Society, Dr. Abercrombie
(author of "Intellectual Powers" &c. in the chair. Dr. A. is
at the head of the profession here, is greatly esteemed, and is
a most exemplary Christian. An interesting paper was
read by Prof. Forbes, of whom I have spoken before; a man
whom from his very youthful appearance you could never have
imagined as the successful candidate to the Professor's chair
against Dr. Brewster. But Dr. Brewster is no favorite
in Edinburgh. Other distinguished men were there. I was
introduced to Prof. Christison, had some pleasant conversation
- promised if practicable to hear him lecture tomorrow
at 9 A.M. and look at his Museum of Materia Medica.
&c. We had tea &c. after the adjournment, according to the
usual custom here, which is a very pleasant one.
I only count upon two days more in Edinburgh,
and have yet much to do. I am anxious to reach
London where I hope there are letters for me. Good
night. May God bless you all, and keep you

J. G.
1841.